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To preserve Freedom there must be reverence for it. But at present a thousand jarring elements oppose the spirit of Reverence; the spirit of independence of many exists only in the negative fact, that they do not respect anything or any person, and not in the positive virtues, out of which alone a genuine, manly reverence can spring.

We are, perhaps, somewhat tediously speculating on this point; but we cannot have among us a more innate love for the Beautiful, for the spiritualism and refining influences of the Fine Arts, until our thinkers, artists, scholars, and poets oppose a barrier against the evil, erect impregnable walls against all vulgarity of thought, and all *moneyishness* of aim; so that, from one end of the land to the other, it may go forth that, at least, one state of life exists, where no clergyman, however conspicuous; no merchant, however successful; no statesman, however official; no editor, however industrious; no writer, however laborious, can find access, unless they are men of high thoughts and the highest aims. Let the American boast that he can become president of the United States; but let him remember, that only the best virtues, and a generous manhood can give him true position.

Then, and then alone, may men like Schiller, Lessing, Jean Paul, Klopstock, Herder, and Novalis, such as we have spoken of for, the last six months, be reproduced in our midst, with all the peculiarities of American genius and American vigor added to their character; then and then alone may the noble lives and the noble thoughts of these noble men find more admirers and imitators in our country; and then, and then alone can our world of art go hand in hand with our world of business, to elevate morally as well as to feed physically our people. Then, and then alone can America become a blessing to her own children and a blessing to mankind!

#### A WINTER DAY.

*From the German of Rückert.*

STAINLESS Beauty, winter-day!

Heaven's pure beams alone are living,  
And no earth-born passion may  
(Frost-bound,) sign of life be giving.

Glorious Sun! a smile like this  
Wings my soul for high aspiring,  
Not a wanton's wily kiss  
All my veins to uproar firing.

This chaste snow that sheets the expanse,  
Hides no serpent of delusion;  
In this tranquil, heaven-blue glance  
Lurks no storm-seed of confusion.

That I, breathing summer-glow,  
Ever lay, in bliss Elysian,  
Drunk with fragrance,—seemeth now  
Like a dim-remembered vision.

Ah, 'tis rapture at its height  
Thus to stand, by earth unholden,  
Heavenly Beauty, in thy light,  
Cold and brilliant, pure and golden!

O. T. B.

#### EXTRACTS

FROM THE

#### DIAR OF AN ARTIST.

By Jack Copper.

MONDAY, May 2, 1841.

WENT this morning to the Royal Academy Exhibition. "Bathers surprised by a swan," a most lovely picture, by Etty! Surely this is the perfection of flesh-coloring: the water standing on the skin painted with living truth, and the globules rolling down the neck of the swan, have a lucid coolness which suggests onward to the finding of scent in the flowers; was there anything like this before? Nothing I have ever seen of Titian's surpasses it. Marvellously different in color from Maclise's "Sleeping Beauty," which is, nevertheless, surprisingly fancied, and full of nice conceits. Dadd's "Titania Sleeping," however, more to my liking—more like sleep-jumbled memories of things—and more like sleep itself (in fact), wherein we dream on unstartled, however quaint, monstrous or grotesque the images which arise. I look at Maclise's flock of sun-fairies, and wonder why they are *like that*, whereas Dadd's preternaturals hold you in dream and nothing more; you don't think "why are they thus"—you don't think at all. It is odd that Maclise's "Hunt the slipper" (from the Vicar of Wakefield), a representation of *real nature*, should be more successful than his "Sleeping Beauty," a thing wholly fancied and impossible, considering that his execution is, as I think, altogether unequal to the task of realizing *flesh and blood*! It would rather appear that his chalky, unvital flesh tints might do better for *spirits*?—but it is not so, and for this reason, perhaps: we know nothing of spirit, excepting by its manifestation through the medium of humanity, and accordingly, until something like humanity appears upon the canvas, we scarcely give credit to the existence of spirit there;—while, for Maclise's "Hunt the slipper," it has conception, gesture, expression so much like *nature as we know her*, that these apologize for the want of true color and texture, a want evidently not dreamed of by my dear old friend Howard, but which I nevertheless appreciate through Mulready's supplying it so marvellously. Mulready is certainly the greatest painter living, that is, the most complete painter, though, if I were to measure the painter by the height and depth of his intellect, Herbert (who holds no academical honor!) would be, to my thinking, still greater. And yet "the brides of Venice," with all the attractive nature of its subject, seems hardly to please so much as "Webster's children." The style of painting, and not the subject, must be the cause of this, since, I believe, every one would run away from a *real schoolful of children* (smiled they never so sweetly), to see *real pirates* carrying off *real brides*—that is, provided they could do so in safety. What this *pleasing style* is, I should like to find out, merely from curiosity, for I am convinced that Mulready's children are much more *like nature* than Webster's, which please more. (Note. The

people seem to appreciate common-place, overcharged attitude, and excessive expression, beyond any other qualities in painting; and to appreciate least, or rather dislike, strong, truthful color and execution, unless accompanied by the aforesaid qualities. This is not encouraging—but what remedy?)

These, and any subsequent criticisms which the compiler may think fit to extract from the Diary, will be understood *distinctly as not emanating from him as their author*, and this, whatever the reader may opine of the personal reality of the Diarist. He (compiler), is not a reviewer, and has here no intention of reviewing either the past or present works of living artists; indeed he would have suppressed these and similar memoranda, were it not that their omission would interpose a gap in *that faithful registry of art experience and artist life*, which this Diary, it was deemed, might supply for the consideration of such readers as can recognize an interest attaching to the making up of any human intellect, not least to that of the artist, which, though not active and heroic, in the world's sense, still has its silent workshop, where the types of loud things are arranged, where physical forces are represented by mental ones, and heroism patiently hatched. It is a great thing to be wonderingly conscious of the activities of Nelson, of Washington; but it were a greater to know, were it possible, how the flies that buzzed round their cradles, the nurses that gossiped over them, and the boy-battle of subsequent school-days, provoked those activities into being. The biographer of artist or poet might therefore be less anxious about the public appearance of his heroes in an active capacity, less studious to exhibit their fencing, boxing, skating, speechifying accomplishments, whereof these are not the professors, less careful to demonstrate these physical abilities possessed in common by all men who have arms and legs, than to take us quietly round the aforesaid workshops: and, accordingly, by the reader, who feels the truth of what has been said, these critical memoranda, though taken for what they are worth, will *not be taken as critiques*—they are here to show what an artist in that state of experience thought of the worthies of that time.

J. T.

Have just shown these notes to my father, who was anxious to see my strictures on "the works of art exhibited by my contemporaries." The dear fellow has just taken my catalogue, and affixed crosses and other mysterious hieroglyphs to the numbers, significant of "the values," as he calls them, which I have attributed to the various works. And next week (when the bustle shall have abated), he is to take this catalogue to the exhibition, and, by reference to the "algebraical exponents," verify my conclusions or otherwise. To proceed with to-day's business: Müller strikes me as having a truer sense of color than either Roberts or Martin. Is it that he sees nature *all* color, admitting of little or no black and white or neutrals? Roberts's pictures, in comparison with Müller's, seem as partially colored pictures—colored powerfully in some places, in others not at all. Both Müller's "Slave Market" and "Sphinx" have, to me, more of greatness and poetry than Martin's "Satan in Council," or Roberts's "Jerusalem, from the Mount of Olives;" and I think color has much to

do with this. Martin's works are poetical, but their poetry is of one sort, sculpturesque or architectural, rather than pictorial, and depending on light, shade, form, and composition. How could Martin accompany *his* version of "Spring in the Vale of the Wandle," wrought in this *architectural spirit*, with the verse—

"Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year."

LOGAN.

Who is this Logan that writes so richly "to the Cuckoo?" Surely if he painted he would paint more like Müller than Martin. Danby's "Sculptor's Triumph: A Morning at Rhodes," is a vision of a morning in the antique world, some one morning saved from the old past, when the sun rose up behind the bronze colossus, and Rhodians saw the light swimming round about his limbs, and knew he was the god of light. A considerable matter to have thought of *this subject*—pure, poetic insight! Lauder's ponderously wrought picture of the "Effie Dean's Trial" wants something, or rather much, in subtlety of expression; but the management of the costume seems to me most admirable; and then the dazzling daylight, pouring through the window of that dolorously dark court, oppressively mystifies the scene, and gives you the one feeling of bewilderment of poor Effie. Leslie's "Fairlop Fair" I did not like at first; now I like it much; it is very like nature in many particulars, and moreover has a kind of originality in being neither exactly a landscape nor a figure picture.

Behnes's busts are the best things in the Sculpture Room, truer in style than Chantrey's: if the sculpture exhibitors think they are ideal perhaps they are? Surely they are not at all real.

On the whole, my conclusion is, that we have more painting than sculpture in the country just now. If I turn over the leaves of the catalogue, whether of sculpture or painting, I observe a succession of pet passages from the poets, accompanying all ideal subjects. It happens thus: a sculptor reads, in Thompson, something to the effect that Lavinia's eyes "on the ground, dejected, darted all their humid beams;" and because said eyes make an impression upon him (they do not make a pleasant one on me) forthwith sets about attempting to do these eyes in stone, wholly convinced that what is good in *metre* must also be good in *marble*. Subtleties which cannot be expressed in painting, even, nor understood without reference to the catalogue, are *set out in bas-relief*, Lear for ever saying, "do not laugh at me," etc., and Cordelia answering an unimaginable something on the other side of the slab. Phidias himself could not succeed here; no ancient, not even a Roman ever attempted such things. When one art is hung on to another it is the ruin of that art. How many good airs have good poetry?

Thursday, May 6th.—Went to the Academy this morn-

ing. All a great show-room of goods for sale!—but they ought to be ticketed: “Landscape richly varnished, a good moon, fine old castle, rustic bridge, and river thoroughly rippled: only twenty guineas.” “Look! only fifty guineas; scene from the most interesting and popular part of Charles Dickens’s last novel.” “Midsummer Night’s Dream—Shakspeare: Mermaid on a dolphin’s back; desideratum supplied!—classical subject, English art and the nude figure discreetly admissible into private collections: one hundred guineas.” De Foe wrote the history of the devil, and failed: let a modern biographer only turn, for the necessary materials, to a Royal Academy catalogue!—Vignette for the same.

(Underneath these last words is a classical outline, showing Apollo overcome by Plutus, and which fills up this page of the Diary. J. T.)

*Friday, 7th.*—Exhibition again. “260. To arms, ye brave!” Etty, fie! Brave women!—brave men!—a brave sty! A classical subject, and the interior of a sink.

*Sunday, May 9th.*—Went into the fields, took the Bible, read, thought about Art: fear all Art is Antichrist. Day fair, wind fresh and warm; the birds and cattle had a mystery of occupation; I nothing to do. This poem follows—

Ah, to lie down  
On the glad green grass,  
To feel your hair blown,  
To feel the wind pass;  
And to know what has grown  
This daisy was  
Never known!

To set your eyes un-  
To the virent blade,  
Till the fire of the sun  
Hath melted, and made  
A twisted braid  
Of amber run  
Through your head—

Kingcup and daisy,  
To bite off the stem,  
As listless—Jazy  
You roll on them;—  
And straight to rear,  
Knees in air,  
Like one crazy!

To stare at the flowers,  
And the grass upgrowing  
(Through all the hours!—  
From the cock’s crowing  
To the sun’s down going—)  
Like spires showing,  
And towers!—

Like slanting towers!  
How, there’s no knowing,  
Bent by the blowing  
Wind! while Powers,

Winged like Hours,  
Are constantly going  
Round the towers.

To question the bee,  
Swart sentinel,  
Who singeth so well—  
So inscrutably!—  
Good watchman is he—  
He misses no bell—  
Warns perpetually.

To hearken throats  
Distinct, or ringing  
At once; and bringing  
The sense (that dotes)  
To be inwardly stringing  
Together the notes  
Into angel-singing!—

Asking for ever  
The cause of the wonder!—  
Of sun, rain, and thunder,  
Why clouds join and sever;—  
The life teeming under,  
And over;—the never  
Subsiding endeavor!—  
This to be doing  
Is easy as eating;  
But herds are chewing  
Their cud, and bleating:  
The birds repeating  
Their words of wooing,  
And greeting!

*Monday, May 10th.*—41. Went to the British Museum, this morning. Man in the Elgin Room descanting Art, and measuring the Theseus; there was a crowd of listeners about him. The merit of Phidias, according to this gentleman, consists in the fact of his assigning to the demigod Theseus, broad chest, narrow hips, forehead of ninety degrees, and a low zygomatic arch. The listeners, awe-struck, not by the statue, but at the lecturer. I wonder whether Phidias, when he came upon the mood which put Theseus visible before him, lying in the block of parian marble as in water,—I wonder whether Phidias debated if the position should be recumbent or erect,—what the facial angle, and the height of the zygomatic arch!—“Good, good, but it is the function of the critic to discuss all this, though the artist, with the image before him, may, peradventure, have done all without knowing it.” And I reply to Mr. Critic, at once; I am an artist, and know what I know. If I strive, heart and soul, to teach men something; to make them feel as I feel; and only set them criticising, it is a sorrow to me that I touched Art at all. Stay! There is the Acropolis with the Parthenon at top: here walks my darling Pasithœ. (I thought this while at the end of the Elgin Room, swinging my heels upon a bench, and out of hearing of that lecturer.) The young Greek, who walks next her, is myself: the harbor below is full of shipping. “Pasithœ, I have not one ship:

only myself, Pasithôel! Up there sits Theseus—look up my daylight! waiting for the rising day. He sits in the angle of the charax. Look, when I say he thinks! A man need think well ere he touch any matter: his hand may derange the machinery of earth; the tools laid in order by Zeus. I have waited, and have thought, and now want the daylight: how can I fight my centaurs in the dark? You—you are my daylight! Phidias, whose voice is from the quarries of Paros, when time brings round the Oulumpian repose, will share with you the glory. For why? he has told us what forms contain virtue; taught us to prophesy of dormant force; taught us to *know one another*: not counting this man's ships in the Piræus, but the power that floats upon his face."

## THESEUS, BRITISH MUSEUM.

I sat, and looked against the rising sun,  
On Pallas' temple: I am that Theseus  
By whom the world a thousand years did use  
To teach its children virtue. Nor yet done  
Learning my story; that\* great Grecian one  
Conceived me sitting thus; even in these thews:  
His spirit all my breathing frame imbues;  
His blood through all these Parian limbs doth run.

And, modern swine, you have me in your sty;  
And, modern ape, you maul me with your paw!  
Did Greek once balance the propriety  
Of this broad chest, great forehead, and firm jaw;  
Or, as he looked, grow up to what he saw:—  
Great soul, great heart, great will, great energy!

Wednesday, May 12th, '41.—Beautiful weather. Out with Galt all day, botanizing. Conversation on originality, and on being original. After startling me with the quaint paradox, that there is no difficulty about being original, he has explained it, I think, satisfactorily. Firstly, Galt argues there is no occasion to *try* to be original, because in doing so one must necessarily endeavor to avoid whatsoever of original has been done by others; their subject, manner of treatment, etc. etc. Now the doing this seems to imply a natural absence of originality at once; for, says Galt, turn to the definition, and see what originality is. All men are educated by other men at commencing, and by these taught the names and uses of things, which fact constitutes the world about them: and *most men* think again of *this world* nearly as their teachers did, teaching, likewise, as they were taught: these are *not originals*. Interrupted him here, because I couldn't make out what he would be about with this matter-of-fact definition; but there is always something underneath with that fellow. "Very well," I said, "your definition is all right: and we'll just suppose, now, that you are an original, and that I am a non-original. If I turn over prints from the designs of Michael Angelo, Titian, etc., till I know the whole of what I must avoid, I shall never, for all that, make any thing of my own, because I am not an original. But

you must turn over prints likewise, from Harvey and Hunter;—you, who are an original, *must do this*, or, for a certainty, you will re-discover the circulation of the blood; and this, because you are an original like Harvey."—"Never made a greater mistake in your life, sir," said Galt (thrumming out of his vasculum the sound of a gong), "or else a more horrid sophism! I am not an *original like Harvey*, though, like Harvey, I am an original. That no two originals are alike, will appear from the definition, if you only think of it. With regard to 'the circulation,' of course the case is hyperbolic!—no one but knows the circulation! But in minor discoveries, I say, it is most unlikely that they, having been discovered by one original mind, will be re-discovered (so to speak) by another; and for this simple reason,—once discovered, the non-originals have them at their disposal to make the most of; and, accordingly, these men *make the most of them*, seeing they have nothing of *their own*: they (the discoveries) influence in this way the general *thinking* of mankind; and, therefore, if any one minor discovery itself should not come *immediately* under the eye of the next original thinker, he has, at least, a *reflex* of it in the general *thinking* of mankind, which it influences in manifold ways; but your original thinker, you remember, *does not fall into* this the general course of thought; on the contrary, he naturally rebels against it: were it otherwise, indeed, he might re-discover—not the 'circulation,' but (say) the 'safety lamp,' which was discovered, true enough, by an original. For every original discovery has permanent and ubiquitous action on the whole *thinking world*, and is never lost out of it. Now, we are born into this same *thinking world* thus changed and influenced by the last *original thinker*, and we think *his thoughts* (with a limitation), but we are not, therefore, originals. If this is not clear, says Galt, to thy artistic logic, compare the case of *mental habits* with *bodily habits*—togs! Here the originals set the fashion, and the non-originals follow." Galt goes on: "In science, originality does not imply amount, or direct usefulness of knowledge. Wedgewood originally discovered the possibility of light acting chemically upon certain prepared surfaces, and registering thereby a sort of picture; but it remains for non-originals to *work out* the principle, and take your exact likeness for a penny. Originals *ever* discover a *principle*, which is *kind* of knowledge, *their own*, *subjective*; from which non-originals discover *things*, *amount* of knowledge, *not their own*, *objective*. Why, you ask, is it different in Art, where, it must be granted, that the most original contributes most largely in *amount* to the art he follows? The answer is obvious. In Art there is no direct *usefulness*: all there is subjective, spiritual; as spiritual as the *principle* of Sir Humphrey Davy's Safety Lamp, or Wedgewood's Photography; and he who contributes most of this subjective stuff to his art, contributes most in amount of usefulness, if usefulness it be? We call it so, but it is not direct usefulness—*fine art* never is, any more than *fine science*, to which last. (as I choose to call it) the most

\* Phidias.—J. T.

original literatus, or philosopher contributes, also, the largest amount of *principle or mental originality*: proving the identity of the *great* philosopher and the *great* artist—that both are poets.” I told him I saw the logical sequence, and consistence of what he urged; but questioned if it were not more accordant with fact to parallel the original philosopher, and the non-originals under him, who carry out his principles, with the original artist, and the school of imitators under him? He thinks not: suspects that what I call the original artist is not the same animal which he calls by that name; because he calls all artists original if artists at all; they differing, of course, in degree. He says, all artists proper, poets proper, and philosophers proper, see more of, exponents in the branch of a tree than ordinary men can see: they paint, describe, or analyze it with and by an instinctive originality which is poetry. They who see the branch as ordinary men see it, cannot paint it as artists: they are shams. Now there is an unlimited exponents in the tree-branch which will call out as much originality, and poetic insight, should the true artist paint it a second time, as were evoked when he painted it the first. Moreover, the true artist must (as such) always exercise this faculty of originality: he cannot copy, or make a *duplicate* of his work: it is always *another* picture of the same subject. If any one could do *this truly*, Galt says, he would be a most ingenious mechanic, but no artist. But he denies that any *good* picture was ever copied without losing or gaining, or both. Then he goes on to clear up our misunderstanding, by supposing this true artist (as defined) to have painted a picture, say with a sunset effect. He, Galt, does not stipulate as to subject: it may either be figure or landscape, seeing that *any nature*, painted accurately by a true artist, will have more expression in it than an ordinary observer can read or interpret, inasmuch as a branch of a tree has an infinitude of physiognomies (*inter se*) visible, but defiantly indicative of the thousandfold occult influence from unknown beings in the physical world. He supposes next, this artist to have painted many or all of his pictures under this phase of sunset, from a leaning that way; but all true to nature, so true to nature that is, that the ordinary observer will find in them inexhaustible sources of discovery. So far we understand one another: I call this *high Art*; he calls it *fine Art*, simply; but we know what each of us means. He then proceeds to discuss the school or imitators, as they are called, of the first artist. Certain men, now, from some bias (he thinks, a foolish one,) paint their pictures in sunset, as a medium, in that respect following the example of the first, but at the same time working diligently from nature in that phase, and seeing her with as much originality of vision as he did; without which, indeed, they would not be true artists. These men may even follow the first artist further than thus, without infringing the last condition as to originality: they may do this by adopting such subjects as necessarily demand certain costumes, architecture, and vegetation identical with those incident-

ally necessary to the subjects chosen by the first artist: from all of which it inevitably arises that the world will naturally designate these men the disciples or school of the first. Now, all of these, Galt defines strictly artists, original thinkers not pursuing the directly useful, and homologous with the original philosopher, verse-maker; and musician-poets. The school, therefore, just mentioned (although they may be called followers) are in no wise parallel with that scientific class of non-originals who work upon the principles discovered by the first poet-philosopher, and stumble by chance or industry into some material discovery, as the application of steam to railroads, for example. Again, he says, another class of so-called artists, who, without any original power in them to see nature for themselves, yet follow, in *obvious externals*, the practice of the *first great artist*—a class which he fears and suspects are the veritable counterparts of the Roman, Florentine, and other schools—are not artists at all, nor yet artisans, but “shams.” Neither are these parallel (as I supposed) with the *unoriginal class* of scientific laborers, since these last always labor for truth, and with truth: even where their conclusions are false, their process is always true, and of necessity, because it is scientific: and these I may compare, if I like (he says), with the artisan and mechanic, because, though differing in *degree*, they are the same in *kind*: both of them true, and unoriginal. The workman builds a wall, neither to make us feel, nor to make us think; he builds the wall to stand, and it does stand: this is truth. The bricks are true bricks—they will hold the rain of heaven; the mortar, true mortar—moss will grow there to witness. But the sham or pseudo-artist professes to build a wall which a man may lean against; declares it to be of brick, by the lines he marks upon it; pretends that moss will grow there, by certain patches of green paint: when, lo, you! (to relieve his figures in front) this wall has lights and shadows on it, which can only be accounted for, by supposing some parts of it a furlong behind others. “Will this wall stand, or how would you like to lean on it?” says Galt, thrumming his vasculum; “and does anything inside here resemble any of those same mosses? I’ve been to Rome—you haven’t—I’ve *botanized in their pictures*: I’ll show you any wall in the Roman school, and *pluck* you, if you attempt to distinguish Bryum from Sedum Album! Will you compare a fellow who builds a wall like this, and pretends it looks like anything a cock would get up and crow on: would you compare such a ‘cad,’ I say, to a brick-laying, honest cad: will you compare him to Sir Isaac Newton’s plodder, Emmerson? or would you like to compare him to Emerson, the poet? if so,”—says Galt, making a faint of tucking up his coat-sleeves, but plunging down a precipice, and capturing “*Filix Fœmina*.”

Have had a glorious day: but this fellow’s activities make me somewhat sleepy. Wax—probably some; but more honey in the flower-loving thief. If it isn’t, all of it, down, it’s a pity! it’s as true as the Bible!